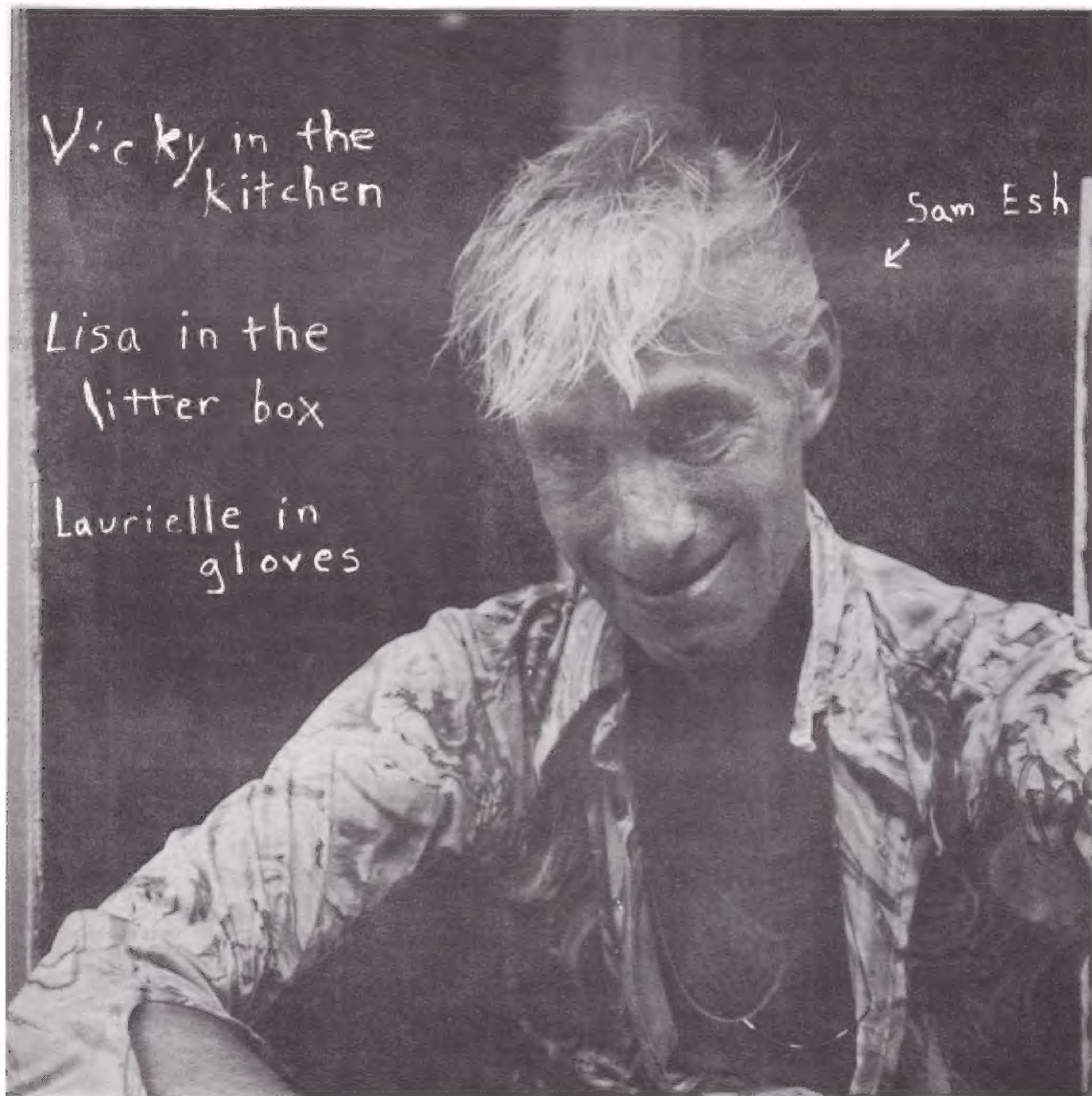


ROLLERDERBY

The New Way To Meet in the 90s early winter '91 ISSUE NO. 4



Please meet the Goddess Cheetah Rollerderby, our new staff member, shown here with "Lamb". Cheetah was going to be this month's covermodel, but a photo of Sam Esh was much more in focus. Cheetah's main job is to walk all over and wrinkle up the lay-outs, and to leave her dusty paw prints on the photos.

Due to most of her ribs having been broken by a former "owner", Cheetah stands with her forelegs wide apart, like a weightlifter. When she runs, it's so funny--all her legs point away from her body, and she looks as if she's on top of a geyser, trying to get off. When something pleases Cheetah, her tail vibrates. Fast and jerky, like movements in old films. Sometimes all you have to do is look at her and the tail will start vibrating. She's a happy cat.

She also has very nice manners. Cheetah would never walk on counters, hide turds in the bed, or beg. She just quietly waits to get her way. She has the sedate air of a woman who has arranged all of her affairs to her satisfaction. She is seven years old

Although she is a cat, Cheetah does show preference for certain types of music. She likes new age and polka, dislikes Sub Pop. Cheetah's favorite thing in the world is bugs; when one appears, she laughs a dry, crackly laugh.



Issues 2-5 of Rollerderby are \$2.50 each, post-paid. #1 is \$1.50. Any three issues are yours for \$6. Checks payable to: LISA CARVER
POBOX 1491
DOVER NH 03820
#5 due out 10 December 1991

Send cash at YOUR OWN RISK.

★★

Supermodel Update



I still think CLAUDIA SCHIFFER is great, but lately this woman (photo left) has been vying for my affection. HELENA CHRISTENSON. Her face has more goddam shadows than Franz Kafka's diaries. She has big cheekbones. Not high, way-too-elegant cheekbones, but huge ones that take up half her face. And she wears tons of black eyeliner, which people tell you not to do 'cause it makes you look old, but I think it makes Helena look tough. I don't know about you, but I am sick and tired of CINDY CRAWFORD's mole. Every friggin' photographer in the world thinks he has to take her photo from the MOLE side. And I really do not understand all the attention that STEPHANIE SEYMOUR gets. She's fit, sure, and she is going out with Axl Rose, but that is not so unusual an accomplishment, and besides--in all the photos I've seen of those two, she's clutching on to him, not vice versa. I suppose she has good skin, but who cares? She's just so bland. They had one shot of her (fully--and I do mean fully--clothed) in Victoria's Secrets (they must have had to pay a BUNDLE for that!) and it was all "Stephanie! Stephanie!" just because all the other magazines have had the poor judgement of deeming her spectacular enough to be their covermodel. Meanwhile nobody gives a hoot about the girl who gets all the small photos in V's Secrets--that sweet little witch with see-through eyes and black hair and sharp, triangular boobs (they're real disturbing boobs.) I can't even find out her name!! There's no justice.

Thank God They Don't Have My Phone Number

Dear Lisa,

I thought you woke up the next morning & forgot the day before as usual, so I told everyone about the dress you were wearing & how you were not wearing ANY of your hundred pairs of panties as usual & how when you turned your back on me I couldn't help pulling my zipper down & shoving my barely noticeable dick in your asshole like I always dreamed of & came before anyone could bother to make a fuss & how it was just as good as I had always dreamed & all the people I had bet big bucks that I could do it believed me & payed up. Of course I didn't expect to hear from you for another six months as usual, except that you took back Rollerderby #2 & said you'd mail it to me & that got me really pissed. So, much as I love you I realize that you're a shit. I don't even know if I'm going to bother to send you a copy of my nearly completed tape which contains a profound Ode to Lisa Suckdog. Well, if you get married (here Elliot is referring to the new Suckdog/Smog single "I'm Going To Be Married".) it'll ruin your career. I figured you'd marry a doctor just before you hit thirty but give me some nice ass in the meantime, but the way you're alienating myself & who knows how many others of the few heavier artists in the underground who really appreciate you, you might as well marry a doctor as soon as possible.

Sincerely,
Elliot Cantsin

I was wearing sweat pants and a t-shirt the night Elliot saw me at a bar, not a dress, and I'm sure noone fucked me up the ass that evening. Elliot must be thinking of some other lucky gal.

Hi Lisa--

This is Lori, got your rag a day or two ago. I'm a stripper--Feature Dancer, ya know, a little more money and only a couple shows a night--

I don't know much about you, Lisa, but I don't think you'd care much for the way I look--let's see--I seem to be compared by many to a "Barbie Doll". But, if you knew me.... I am into money at this point in my life so if that's what the people want--I got it-- One good think about that Barbie Doll look is everyone wants you (I'm sure you know what that is like--). Men, women 8-80, EVERYONE. They're all suckers for a prettyface. And not to mention great tits. Sounds a little egotistical, well I guess I'm just--letting you know...

I also do a comedy routine. I need something to fall back on when I get too old to dance. I am not a "Joker" or a "Bozo". Although I do not consider myself a comic--if I want a laugh I get it. Good enough...for now.

I'm from Florida (Lauderdale) and travel all over U.S., Mexico, South & Central America, and Jamacia Bahamas and the West Indie Islands. I have ties in Chicago, D.C., Mlps. and N. Cal. I frequent these cities a lot. I love Chicago the most--the music is great. Although being from FL., it's taking some time to get used to all these pale people, they kinda look sick to me. Where do you usually hang?

Lisa, I'm not much on letters and penpals and all that shit, but I think you would understand my way of life and I'd like to exchange photos w/ you. I am very feminine, a bit bisexual, and have a taste for the "unusual". Let's get to know each other.

Fuck, have I been meeting some lame people lately. I close my eyes, shake my head, open my eyes...and them fuckers are still there. I need some excitement. Lisa...write me.

--Lori Roberts

Dear Lisa July 15, 1991

I hate myself for being such a wimp, but I just finished my tape and I can't help sending you one of the first five. I'm sending one to Gunderloy. I told him I'd beat the shit out of him if he doesn't give it a good review. He wasn't taking me seriously as a pacifist philosopher anyway. Please place this ad in the next issue of Rollerderby. I understand that sexy chick in Pain Teens hates your guts too. What did you do to her? I think in my foolishness I said I never wanted to hurt your sweet self. Maybe I should take that back.

Sincerely,
Elliot

Dear Cliff Richards,

I am writing about your new album; "I'm No Hero". Yes you are, Cliff dearest, you are my hero! Don't be offended, but I wanted to say the picture on the back of the album is the most sensual, sexy, kissable picture I have EVER seen in my ENTIRE life. Mmwah! Your nose, your 12-hr. beard, your eyes, your hair, your chin, your lips--your lips, mmwah! If you ever run into that photographer, or need a picture, he's the one to take your photo. Do you look as good in real life? If you look even $\frac{1}{4}$ as good, you would still be the most sensuous man I

The Dandelion Song

by Debbey Lane Richardson



Illustration by Edith Allard

The Dandelion Song

What I love most about myself is my capacity for joy
What I love least about myself is my fear,
The terror which is the heritage of all stray animals.
The fear of connecting to the earth

to love
to substance.

What I love to do the most is chase dandelions
On the street where the bright cars sing
And I sing my song, less metallic, less powerful
But aching in ecstasy in every bent note

nothing left
nothing left
nothing left unbent.

I chase the wish flowers lovers waste their hopes on.
I love futility and I love to feel light
As light as the wish flowers
Wretched weeds, scorned in fine lawns
Growing way out of control, abundant and rich.
I feel so light, I feel so free
There is no substance to ecstasy.
Sometimes I think I would like to become
A dandelion myself, I am already so close

falling apart
losing myself

Disintegrating at the slightest touch
Disintegrating at the slightest touch. I want
To give all my substance and be wished upon
then wished away
away

Make a wish on me
I feel so light, I feel so free
There is no substance to ecstasy
But it is the only thing that feeds me.

The Kitty in a Window

I saw a kitty in a window
She was pretty, unlike me
Her fur shone in the night
She had that satisfied look of the well cared-for.

I saw a kitty in a window
And the difference between her and me
Was that she was loved
And I am not
And that is how the world chooses up sides.

have ever seen. I hope to see you
sometime. Why don't you drop me a
line.

Sincerely Yours,
Lisa Carver (ca. 1980)

Dear Lisa, August 24, 1991

I'm sorry I won't be receiving
your semi-annual letters any more.
You're right; a woman with your sty-
le can treat people like shit & not
have to worry about it--there will
always be more.

Sincerely,
Elliot

(Enclosed) Me & Lisa: The True Story
by Elliot Cantsin

I hate gossip, but Lisa has
been spreading some ugly rumors a-
bout me, & I feel that I must give
the true facts. I first read about
Lisa in Teen Punks in Heat in a let-
ter to the editor by Bob Black in
which he mentioned a Lisa Suckdog
who claimed to like small dicks.
Immediately my imagination was stim-
ulated--could it be that at last I
had found a woman who wouldn't laugh
at my small penis? Then Ace Back-
wards told me about Lisa's disgust-
ing personal habits & I felt that
this was indeed an angel sent from
heaven to satisfy all my perverse
needs. I wrote her numerous letters
pledging my eternal love, & she
would occasionally send me a post-
card saying: "Fuck off," "You suck,"
or "You're really fucking pathetic,
why don't you go croak?" But each
card was signed "Love, Lisa," & so I
knew that deep down inside she truly
cared. One day I got a flier from
her advertising a show in New York
with the note: "You miserable de-
generate, you might as well come to
the show--I need the money. Love,
Lisa." So I went to the show & she
came up to me & said, "Come into the
Ladies' Room & I'll make your dreams
come true." So I followed her into
the Ladies' Room & we went into one
of the stalls. She was wearing a
dress so short that all she had to
do was wiggle & you could see she
wasn't wearing any panties. And she
wiggles a lot. I pulled my pants
down & she started laughing right a-
way. "Oh my God," she said, "I did-
n't expect it to be THAT small."
But I had been through all that be-
fore so I firmly turned her around &
my little dick slid easily & pain-
lessly into her asshole. "I thought
you said you liked it this way," I
whispered tenderly.

About this time someone else
came into the Ladies' Room--Lydia
Zamm. She was apparently looking in
the mirror doing her make-up, & she
kept saying, "Oh Lydia, you're so
beautiful--SO beautiful." Meanwhile
Lisa was laughing hysterically, say-
ing things like, "It's so small I
can hardly feel it." "It's so tiny."

Strays

He said I always take--take in strays
He said I always take--take in strays
And then he looked away--but straightaways
I knew he meant me.
A stray. . . and a cruel thing it seems
To say in front of me.
To remind me of my low estate in his world.
Such a harsh blow not to be softened by caresses
And it was not.

He said I always take--take in strays
I have a reputation in the neighborhood
For taking in strays.
I wish I perceived more compassion
And less pride in this confession
But let me state right here--
I cannot quibble with his motivation
For I came driven by a great need
That never lets me ask why.
I came driven by an image of a shining kitty--
She was me, but transformed by the gentleness
And the subtleties of another.
Turned, by quiet ways,
So different from the noise of the streets,
Into a princess among cats.
Sitting in the highest window, loved into
Another realm.
I came driven by a vision of my own fur
Shining like the sun--a half-grasped dream
That he would stroke my fur
And call me loving names
Until I shone--until I was a creature of all light
Luminous amid the garbage that awaits me
On my return to the streets.
I would shine until I made my broken world
Light up as incandescent as this dream itself
Or as all the dandelions in the world--
together, waiting.

If he could touch me,
And not look away
We could both be saved.

O frightened creature who has tried to take me in--
I am just another frightened creature.
And when the frightened love together,
They learn together what it is to hate.
I don't know whay it is that way.

Today there came to his house a visitor.
She smiled at me. But my love
And betrayer, he said about me--"I'm going to have to
Put her out. She is too scraggly.
I never know where she is or what she is
Doing. She wants too much affection.
And anyway--I'm going to have to send her away."

OK, so today I know, my time is up.
I'm gonna get put back out on the street.
I feel so foolish.
I should have eaten more food while I was here
Should have taken in each moment much more
Fully than I have--because those moments are
About to end.

And then I knew freedom as my true mother,
And buried my head between her breasts
Held there breathless for an instant
To drink what I needed, to gain the strength
To break away from the bitterness.
To do what I have to do.
Mother freedom is tired, Mother freedom is
Crying to me now as I cried to her.
She has given all of herself that others may lose
Themselves too, and lose their breath, as I have,
And glimpse infinity, just for an instant, oh please,
And fall back sick.

And "I may be a Suckdog, but you
need a REAL dog--a Mexican chihua-
hua!" About this time I put my arms
around Lisa's lower rib cage & start-
ed squeezing "the life out of her"
as she put it. I don't know if
that's really true. She started
screaming that I was trying to murd-
er her. Lydia climbed up on the
sink & leaned over the top of the
stall & hit me over the head with a
bottle of beer she had brought into
the Ladies' Room with her.

The next thing I remember I was
sitting on the toilet with my pants
still down & some strange woman was
telling me to get the hell out, & as
I was stumbling out of the room she
started pulling down her pants and
called me a disgusting pervert.

By this time Lisa was on stage
on the floor & Lydia was on her
hands & knees between Lisa's legs
licking her shaved twot. It was a
great show--very aesthetic. Lisa is
a great artist, moves well, has lots
of stage presence & charisma & a
bitchin bod. I only wish she were-
n't so cruel to me. I didn't really
mean to hurt her. I probably would-
n't have acted so uncontrollably if
I hadn't known that Lydia was in the
room to save her. I can only hope
that Lisa will give me a second
chance, & stop laughing long enough
for me to come next time.

Dear Lisa

If I haven't told you already,
I think my phone is tapped. Because
people have stopped any contact
whatsoever with me. Despite my num-
erous efforts. Writing letters in
french to girls I have not talked to
in five or more years. On my new
diet I can't seem to shit, where as
my previous one, of Stop and Shop
laxatives, made me bleed. I am in
love with my boss.

Later.
Rebecca

Miss N.Y.C.,

My boss is getting a divorce
very soon and it makes me sad to see
love end. My family is like the
fucking Brady Bunch. Don't get me
wrong, they love me a lot and we can
talk about almost anything. They
don't know I drink. I am having a
hard time with my dad's sexuality
It makes me ill when he tells dirty
jokes (often). And grabs my step-
mother's ass. I am sending \$6 for
the 7" and Rollerderby 4.

Love and Sea Legs,
Miss Rebecca

Kitty's Death Song

(Where the cars wait--kitty has run. To the highway.)
And now all the lights are upon me
As if I were onstage
And at last, I know my part.
What I am supposed to do.
And now all the lights are upon me
And my eyes reflect back
Every beam of ecstasy
Every shaft of light that destroys me
Headlights search into me
And then I see substance at last
The heaviness of all desirable form
To overcome this disconnection
Come over me.
All substance. Heavy. Tangible. Metal. Car.
I think I am becoming beautiful.
Now! Now! Now!
(Kitty's car has her.)

The Pigeon's Eulogy Over Kitty

When you were a child, before you learned to hate,
Before you were taught to discriminate
Between types of beauty, and to judge them
Good or bad, when you still loved as a child...
Then you loved me. Loved my beauty, my iridescent
Feathers with the unaffected awe of the innocent.
You did not question its nature, reached out to
Touch, and were told--No, Bad, Dirty.
And you learned that I was equated with filth
And the city. I am the pigeon who eats
Your scraps and flies in your face at the bus stop.

I alone watch over my flock
And observe the ceaseless struggles
Of all things cast out,
Of all things considered ugly and fighting to gain
Some awareness of their own beauty, the beauty
Of all things destroyed
Of all things that wait, especially for that
Which will never come.
Of all things found dead at the side of the road.

Today Kitty is free
(And her body is burned)
Like me she flies above, but she will not return.
Our sister in wretchedness
She has learned the secrets of the pit
As we all will, with time
And piling on of layers and layers of densest experience,
As we all will, all we things commonly found
Dead at the side of the road

For one instant of truth
One spark of beauty
One kiss of real love--
Who among you would not be sacrificed?

-Finis-

Debbey Lane Puff Richardson is currently the
singer for the heavy metal band Magic Bone,
who got mad at Debbey when she dyed her
blonde hair brown. Debbey likes letters. Write
to her c/o Lowlife, POBox 8213, Atlanta
GA 30306.

The Dandelion Song was originally performed as a
puppet show by Debbey and Tracy Terrill.

Dear Lisa,

...John Conquest ("an English-
man in Austin, TX")...Syd Straw...
Anna Statman...Leigh Farosley...Ken
Katkin...Byron Coley...Bret Beauxup
("a former college basketball star")
...Chris Iovenko ("a member of the
Bingham family and friend of A.
Licht & R. Odes")...Blowfly ("Clar-
ence Reid")...Jimmy Webb...Doc Pumas
...Mort Sherman...Smog...Sonic Youth
...11th Dream Day...The Lemonheads...
Crawlspace...Costes...Phil Milstein.
...David Letterman...Lydia Zamm...
Pep Lester...Vicky Wheeler...Howard
Stern...Tony ("of Vertical Records")
...Brett Kerby...G.G. Allin.

Sincerely,
Robt. Nedelkoff

The above are names Robert
adroitly, casually, and IN
CONTEXT dropped in one
letter. And it was only 1 1/2
pages!
The man is amazing.

Dear Lisa,

Last weekend I did heroin. The
next day I threw up all day & fucked
another boy. The one I did h with
fucked me up the ass. The "next day"
boy came inside me and I didn't even
know it. He just sat there in the
passenger seat and I did all the
work. It finally started to feel
good to me so I made noises and he
asked me if I was all right. I said
I have to go pee and I was like, "Did
you cum?" And he said, "Yes, aren't
you on the pill or something?" I'm
such an asshole. But I really want-
ed to get laid last weekend. I got
drunk and thought it was mating sea-
son. I've lost 14 pounds. Maybe I
should write really hot letters so
you could print them and I can start
to hook up with other Rollerderby
readers.

Love and Sex for Free,
Rebecca Lentrish

Dear Lisa,

I hope these things did not
melt. I don't know how well choco-
late travels in mail trucks. My par-
ents went away and I was all alone,
so I got drunk. I dreamed a horri-
ble dream about my brother looking
like this:
and I woke
up hyster-
ical crying
trying to
climb stairs and hold on to him.



Love,
Rebecca

I know you're all wondering what Laurielle Miller's up to.

Darling Lisa 16 Aug. 91

When I was in high school I had... military fantasies. I dreamed of being a hussar. Light cavalry all the way--black uniform and a cloak and a sabre... The modern equivalent is...maybe helicopter gunships. I wanted to fly FB-111s on strike missions.

I'm hoping you'll send me photos of you.

Black Roses--
Laurielle

Darling Lisa-- 29 August 91

Three more photos of me. You do get my preppy-girl look--all the better for being a discreet little nice-hotel call girl, but the other look--black, ankle bracelet--is much more me. You're encouraged to masturbate while looking at them! When do I get photos of you?

69 & Roses--
Laurielle

Oh, goodness! Both at this space! This empty space makes me crazy! I can't figure out why it's that way

Darling Lisa, 28 August 91

I love wearing gloves. They make me feel so sleek and film noir--elegant. I love wearing black opera gloves when I'm with a lover--pushing 3 fingers into his/her mouth and whispering "suck my big black cock, you little white bitch..." Black guys all say that to me, and I do love doing it, so gloves give me my chance. I always wear fingerless black gloves when I go driving late at night.

I'm still hoping you'll send me snapshots... I do enjoy looking at you, and I'd love a few shots comparable to the ones I've sent you--lots of leg, lots of you.

Anyway--I'm going down to the Texas Gulf Coast this weekend--a beach house at Galveston. I'm getting \$500 to do a long sail'n'sex weekend.

Sleep naked,
Laurielle

WARNING: From now on I'm going to assume, unless I'm told otherwise, that anyone sending me a letter won't mind its being printed, along with their address and phone number. That way, interested parties can go straight to the source instead of using me as a go-between.

SPECIAL TREAT!

The first 46 people to order Roller derby # 5 will find a color photo of Laurielle, with a personal message from her on the back, stapled to the cover. Each photo is different. If you're number 47, you still get the 20-page magazine! And I might even throw in a portrait of Cheetah the cat. And if you're number 48, well then Roller derby's circulation is really improving!

Send
\$2.50 to:

Lisa Carver
P.O. Box 1491
Dover NH 03820

very silly

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the new tape that's only \$3 by

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3. A S R
4. N N E

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5. SAILING THE COAST Don Henry

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ORIGINAL
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ICKY HEELER

My friend Kristine was a cheerleader and then a model and then a stewardess. She had Napolean lips--shapely, haughty. I remember her throwing her money on the floor at Dunkin Donuts one time. "What do I need that for? One day I'll have a million dollars." She was really beautiful. And smart. She was fun. And cruel. Never having been humiliated, Kristine was innocent to the suffering her sometimes harsh words inflicted. "Why shouldn't I call someone ugly if they are? It's their own fault. They should fix themselves up." She tortured her boyfriends. She did it for fun. Because she was used to having men do anything for her, generosity or a nice personality in itself was not enough to merit Kristine's favor.

Kristine hated gloominess or moroseness--things were always gay and wild around her. She liked to yell out car windows at people, and give crank calls to former and future boyfriends. She also enjoyed hot-fudge sundaes, carnivals, and dancing. Speaking of theology or philosophy generally earned one Kristine's derision, so the conversation was kept on more amusing topics--other people, sex, and pop music.

I guess you could call her shallow or insensitive. But you could never call her self-pitying, dull, or hypocritical. Kristine was never afraid to say anything to anyone anytime.

Vicky reminds me of Kristine in some moments. She has the same lust for life. And the same propensity for innocent cruelty. I'm sure Vicky has wounded more than a few tender hearts. Unlike Kristine, however, Vicky owns her own fair share of intellectual opinions, but generally she is too cheerful to dwell on any dark matters for long.

One night in July she burst into my house breathing like a race horse at the finish line. Pretty blonde curls framed her fresh American face. She gobbled down the bowl of candy I gave her, and a big glass of water. My recorder was broken, I told her we couldn't do the interview. "That's OK," she said, "Why don't you just come over to my house and smoke cigarettes then?" My recorder then came back to life, so Vicky suggested we go to a Mexican bar. I didn't quite see the connection, but I said it sounded like a good idea. After the interview, we went to see the movie "Trust", which was very good, especially as it was embellished by Vicky's running commentary: "What a bitch!", "Hit him again!", "Yaay!"

Vicky's girlish writing in Conflict has spawned a slew of girl-writers that feel the need to mention warm summer breezes or driving in their car in every music review they write for their boyfriend's magazine. Vicky can pull this off--details of her summer vacation are just homey asides; the review does tell you what the band sounds like. Her followers, while plenty personable, generally have nothing to tell you about music (except maybe about the sizzlingness of the singer's eyes.)

Vicky is also Director of U.S. Publicity and Retail Production for 4AD.

WORLD'S HOTTEST GOSSIP

I forgot to mention that Vicky's voice is crystalline.

LISA: Is flirting part of your job?

VICKY: Yes. I'm a born flirt. If you can flirt to make a writer pay more attention to the 4AD package that comes in the mail, then.... I deal with a lot of fanzine editors that aren't used to dealing with female publicists who buy them drinks and are nice to them and call them on the phone. And I'll write them little notes.

LISA: Has this ever gotten you in trouble?

VICKY: Well...yeah. Well...yeah! I'm sort of wary to talk about this, because he might try to take retribution. But I don't think he could do anything more than he already has.... It all started when I was really sad. Every day I'd wake up just waiting for the day to end. I really wanted a baby, which is all I've ever wanted since I was seventeen. I was writing letters back and forth to Brian Berger, who wrote a fanzine called Crush. The letters started out innocently enough, and pretty soon we were telling each other our life stories and problems, and then our erotic fantasies. Then I met him, and I wasn't as interested anymore. His penis is this big! It's an itty-bitty penis, not only that, but I think he was a virgin. And he had really bad halitosis.



LISA: Wait, wait, wait! I have to know what to edit out! Do you really want to say all these things?

VICKY: OK, so it's mean to say that in print. But maybe it will make him go out and buy some Listerine. But the way he looked or whatever was not my problem with him. It was that he wanted to control me. He told Robert Nedelkoff that he wondered if he could stay with me forever, and if he would be attracted to other women once I had given birth and lost my figure.

LISA: Was this baby planned out before you two had ever met each other?

VICKY: Yeah yeah yeah. Hey--there's Tod Ashley at the phone booth out there! Tod Ashley's so handsome.

LISA: I know.

VICKY: He's amazing. And look at the way he wears that beat-up t-shirt. One time I saw him get in a fight with Ned Hayden.

MAN AT THE NEXT TABLE: I am (Louie?). I want to see you girls...all the time.

LISA: Hold on Louie, we gotta get through this interview. (Later, he and Vicky exchange Maguerita recipes.)

VICKY: So...I moved out on Gerard and had a fling with Brian. Then I wanted to go back home to Gerard, but Brian didn't want

to let me go that easily. So he decided he was going to destroy both of us publicly and privately. Brian said he would rather see us dead than together. He sent Gerard fantasy accounts of all sorts of sexual exploits between us that mostly weren't true, and he sent him photocopies of my letters. Eventually Gerard started sending the letters back unopened. So Brian started sending faxes to Gerard. Gerard would call me up at work and say (grim voice), "I got a fax today." I would think, "OH MY GOD, WHAT COULD IT POSSIBLY HAVE SAID?" It was real torture. Then in Brian's fanzines (Crush and Strange Affair), every record review in them was a weird, veiled refer-

And just what the fuck are you supposed to do when the woman you love decides to put an end to your affair and walk back down monogamy's straight and narrow path?

—Brian Berger (from a

book review in **FORCED EXPOSURE #17.**)

ence to me that only Gerard or me could get. He calls me Delilah and Gerard Thor. I wrote and called him, begging him to stop, to leave me alone. But he kept on tormenting us, and started sending these 20-page letters about our supposed exploits to people like Byron Coley and Robert Nedelkoff and Jimmy Johnson and Barbara Manning and Rick Mink. He writes I'm more cute and sexy than drop-dead beautiful, and then proceeds to list off all my imperfections, from the scar I have on my head from a car wreck to my "short and meaty" legs. My acne scars, everything.... People would send me copies of his letters; they were really unpleasant to read. So we started sending copies of everything he sent us to his parents. We figured, they're paying his U-bill, his VISA bill, everything. We said, "Could you do something about this, please." But they just said, "Well, uh, Brian has a lot of the same interests as you two." But we wanted him to go away. He followed us to Austin for the South By Southwest convention. He was everywhere; he stood up and made these idiotic comments at every panel. And then at the New Music Seminar in New York--every place we went, he was ten paces behind us, hot on our heels. And he would stand between us and the stage so we couldn't see the band. He moved to Iowa City, my hometown, because he knew I wanted to move back there. Now I find out that he's writing this novel about it all.

LISA: Do you ever have nightmares?

VICKY: I have these graphically violent, bloody, evil nightmares about people I know, and sometimes they turn into weird erotic dreams and I feel really guilty and bad. When I was a little kid I had a recurring dream that my dad's friend grabs a baby out of my arms and hits her against the steering wheel of the car over and over and over

"Thor: Lost at sea, presumed dead"

← Strange Affair →

by the evident wit, charm, intelligence, kindness and sexual vitality of the young man behind my literary manifestos she began writing

so

impressed was she

again until she's a bloody mess. Or, when I was two or three and I couldn't tell the difference between dreams and reality, I would wake up crying and ask my mother why she cut my brother's chin off, and she would say, "I love your brother!" and she'd start crying and get all hysterical.

LISA: Did you ever meet Neil and Jennifer from Royal Trux?

VICKY: Yeah! They look like two high fashion models gone astray. Jennifer is intensely beautiful, but she has a strung-out look. Some guy told me about seeing Jennifer run down the street after a black guy, screaming, apparently about a drug deal gone bad. She's so interesting to talk to, 'cause she talks really slowly and really sweetly, and always looks starry-eyed, and stares up into space all the time. One time my friend Shannon and I were walking with them and we were all drunk and Neil kept falling down and Jennifer kept running after him and saying, "But, oh Neil..." They really watch out for each other. On

Hugh of TFUL282 It ended up in a shouting match in the alley.

Neil Haggerty from Royal Trux and a guy from Toiling Midgets almost got in a fight, I almost got in a fight with Neil. He's a dick. I don't care if you print that.

CRANK: What happened?

HUGH: Well, Royal Trux were supposed to play first, but they said their ride fell through and called to say they couldn't make it. The show was held up for an hour, finally Toiling Midgets went on, and halfway through their set Royal Trux walks in wanting to play next. We said no, it's late, we're next and you can have whatever time's left.

They said their ride fell through, but all they brought was a guitar. They could have taken the bus and saved us all a lot of trouble. They expect star treatment, they think they're really hot shit. When it was over and time to divide the money, they claimed they had a \$150 guarantee, which was bullshit cause no one gets guarantees there.

So we said we'd give them \$50, just to shut them up. They really didn't deserve anything since they held the show up, and broke one of the mics we'd borrowed for the show. Neil just wouldn't shut up. You don't want to fight over something as dumb as money, but you can't let yourself get screwed over either. We finally figured each band would give them \$25, and they were still mad.

Finally we packed up and left, left Neil there screaming.

stage, I saw them play with this guy Anil. All three of them seemed to be in their own world, really introspective, and what each of them was doing was completely separate from what the others were doing, but it meshed.

LISA: Don't they have a record coming out on Matador?

VICKY: All I know is Matador has given them a lot of money to supply some tapes, but I don't think they ever supplied the tapes.

LISA: Tell me about when you moved into the new house, the cats...

VICKY: All six cats hid under the toilet all huddled in a big ball, even the ones that hiss at each other. All you could see was their eyes, big as saucers. They were so sad, they wouldn't come out for a whole

day. Now they're happy though, 'cause there's a big yard for them to play in.

LISA: Magritte the cat.

VICKY: Magritte is brain-damaged and she smells really bad. She's really stinky; she has some kind of weird hormonal imbalance, and she hangs her tongue out all the time.

LISA: Sounds like some of the guys in my neighborhood.

VICKY: One of her teeth was sticking straight out for about a month, and I touched it and it fell out, root and all. Cat teeth, the fangs, they're like two inches long! It fell out on my finger and I was like, "Oogh!" It was really stinky, and it stunk up my whole hand, and stunk up the whole room. When she yawns around you, you pass out.

LISA: Tell about the Meatloaf incident.

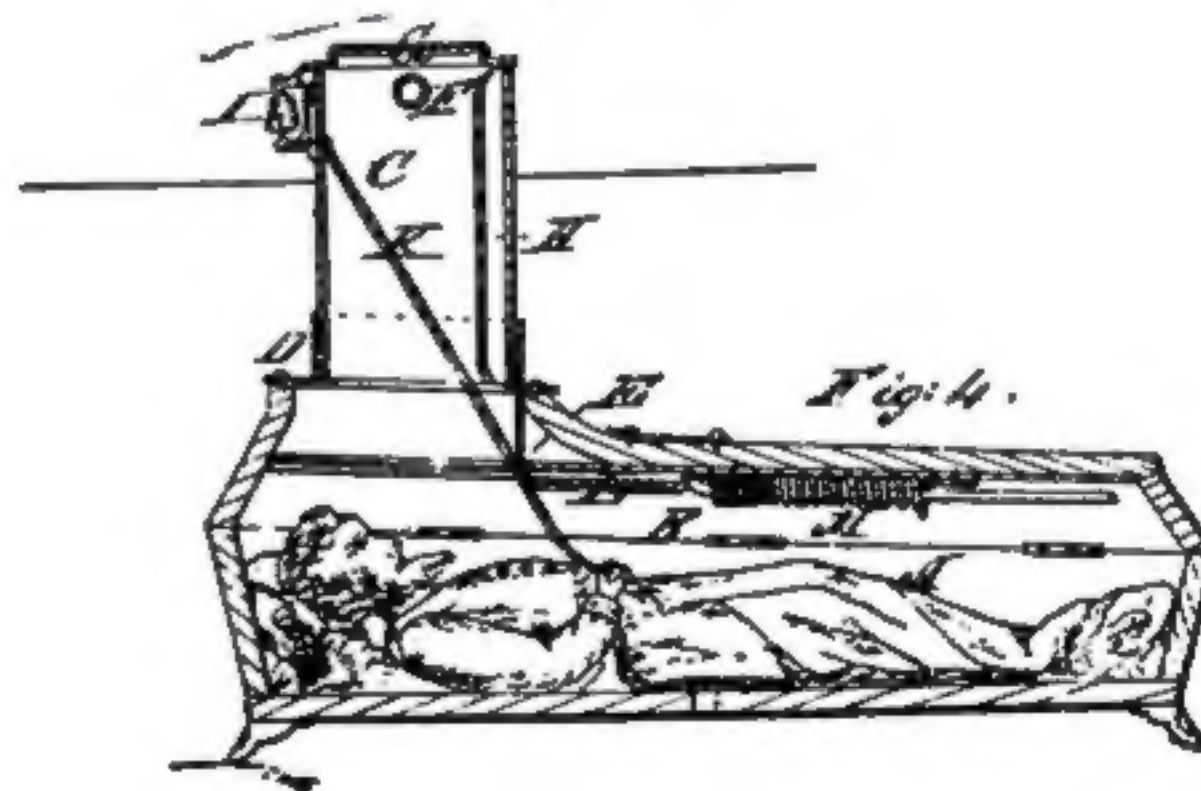
VICKY: Well, Lydia Zamm was sending GG Alin her used tampons, and then she wanted to cover "Paradise By The Dashboard Light" with him; he would be Meatloaf and she would be Carla DeVita.

LISA: Carla DeVita is something else. That's some fashion sense she has. She looks like Pat Benatar.

VICKY: Pat Benatar is small, she's really little, but she has full-sized teeth! But um, OK--so Lydia called up Gerard (who was label manager of Homestead Records at the time. --ed.) and demanded studio time and that it has to come out on Homestead. So Gerard called up GG to ask him about it, and GG said, "Yeah, well, I figured book

(Vicky is the third person this issue to mention Lydia Zamm. What is Lydia's magic?!?) (cont. on back cover)

crank magazine



The primary object of the invention is to provide means for sounding an alarm when urination starts so as to awaken the sleeper before the bladder is emptied and thereby enable him or her to avoid material wetting of the bed. . . .

#2 OUT NOW, #3 OUT SOON
\$2 EACH TO P.O. BOX 665
WILLIAMSBURG, VA 23187-0665

I, Lisa, would just like to mention that I did not pay for this copy of Strange Affair. I possess it. I would like you to know that he, also, did not

VICKY IN THE KITCHEN by Victoria K Wheeler

There she is! —————>

GOOEY UPSIDE DOWN MESS DESERT

handful or so CHOPPED WALNUTS
OR PECANS
½ c or so BROWN SUGAR
2-3 T BUTTER
mix together, adding ingredi-
ents until you have enough to
line an oblong cake pan; line
the pan.
mix YELLOW PUDDING CAKE MIX
according to package direc-
tions, but don't bake! Set
aside
1 C RASPBERRIES or more (I
like a lot)
1 C CHOPPED WALNUTS/PECANS or
more
½ C SOUR CREAM
mix in POWDERED SUGAR gradu-
ally until it's a thick, goo-
ey mess.
roll nuts and berries gently
in the gooey mess until they
are coated, discard or lick
off your fingers the remain-
ing gooey mess while you wait
for the desert to cook.
refrigerate berries/nuts/goo
for at least an hour.
in the meantime, heat the ov-
en to 300 degrees or whatever
it says on the cake mix box.
fold chilled nut/berry/goo
very gently into cake mix.
pour into your lined pan
bake according to cake box
instructions.
flip each piece upside down
to serve!

ALL THIS IS MAKING ME HUNGRY.
I'M GOING TO GO ORDER A PIZZA.

While I cook, I like to dance
around the kitchen, smoke
Parliaments, and listen to
stories over the telephone or
SEBADOH III
COURTNEY LOVE "DON'T MIX THE
COLORS"
"TIL YOU COME BACK TO ME" by
ARETHA F, STEVIE W, or MIKI
HOWARD
UNREST all the singles
PAVEMENT whatever's handy
SALT N PEPA "DO YOU WANT ME"

OSTERIZER FROZEN COCKTAIL

2 cans FROZEN LEMONADE
CONCENTRATE
1 or 2 BANANAS
VODKA (I put about 3
shots, I guess)
pour into Osterizer or
any electric blender
ICE (fill blender to the
top)
blend until blended
serve with some salty
mixed nuts or chex party
mix or something

TODAY'S TUNA SALAD

drain water-packed
can of TUNA over
the cats' food.

chop:

CELERY

ONION

DILL PICKLE

CARROTS

2 T MIRACLE WHIP

1 T BROWN MUSTARD

(get the kind with
little seeds that
kind of pop when
you bite them)

mix all this to-
gether and pile it
on TOASTED WHEAT
BREAD

put CRUSHED POTATO
CHIPS in there,
too, if you want.



The photogra-
pher who took the photo for the cover
of Costes' compact disc "Livres
Les Blanchés Aux Bicots" is swing
Costes because he - the photographer -
is "so disgusted" by the contents



You need a break from reality

MOLE #4 UNLEASHED NOW!

An underground rock extravaganza--with
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Unrest; Sonic Boom of Spacemen 3; and
Beat Happening. Plus: comics, poetry,
fiction from Gregg Gibson, too many
music reviews, Disney subliminal update,
Interzone aesthetics section, muzak and
more. Send only \$3 cash postpaid to
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questions may be answered.

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of that
CD. The
photo is
of Costes
(naked)
being
beaten
by two
men.
(Just like
Jello B.,
except
Costes
has
talent!)

Jailhouse Mica Schist (Reviews)



ROCK AND THE POP NARCOTIC (Redoubt Press)

Joe Carducci

Jimmy Johnson got really mad at me for asking him for this book for free, especially since all he did was review it. I really don't know what possessed me to ask for a book about rock music. I'd rather have a book about rocks. But now that he sent it, I guess I better say something about it here. OK.

a. Mr. Carducci uses big words, such as Kremlinologists and sectarian.

b. He is comprehensive in his rock analysis, speaking knowledgeably on rock, pop, rock press, the media, politicians, and fans, and he reprints hundreds of sometimes obscure, always interesting quotes by musicians, critics, and band managers.

c. He shows a decided disdain for drug-users.

d. He also can't stand "fags", "faggotry", the "fag wave", or "Brits", who, he says, are only doing plastic versions of the "naturalistic" American rock.

e. He prefers Minor Threat and The Dead Kennedys to David Bowie and The Exploited.

f. Black Flag or The Ramones pop up about once a page, whereas Black Sabbath are brought in only rarely, and Pussy Galore are mentioned only once or twice. Why? Maybe part of the answer can be found in the acknowledgements, in which Mr. Carducci thanks Greg Ginn and family. And family, huh?

g. I haven't found in this book one non-condescending word about any woman in rock--or any woman--except that "X-ray Spex used aggressively shouted (female) vocals and a saxophone to pull the listener." (Parentheses his.) And I wouldn't exactly say that statement is wild with admiration and respect. What about Wendy O? I didn't come across a single mention of her. Surely she's a better vocalist than Jello Biafra?! And what about Joan Jett? The author makes really too many references to men penetrating women, ie. this totally unnecessary and irrelevant comment: "Ted (Turner) is presently invading Hanoi Jane's perimeter." I am quite sure, Mr. Carducci, that Miss Fonda is not the type to lie passive and weak-limbed, and allow herself to merely be entered. After trying in vain to keep up with Jane's workouts, I'm convinced that any man adventurous enough to engage

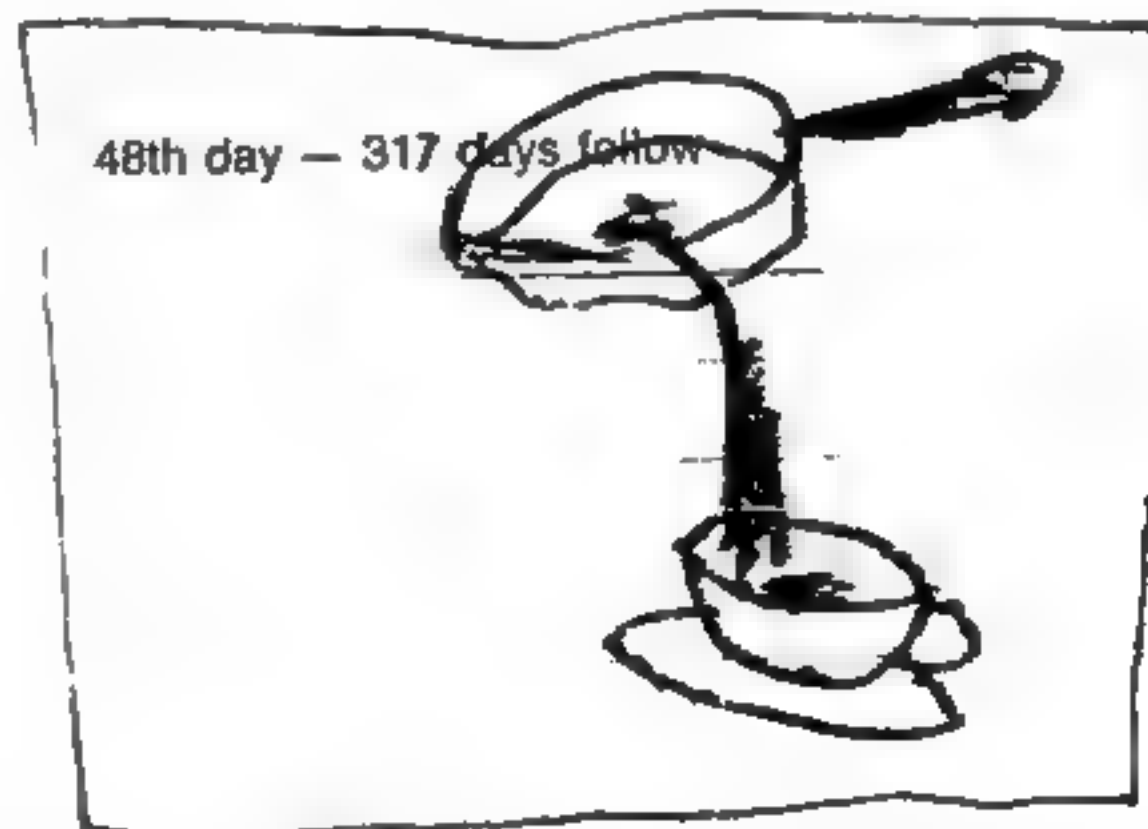
in an amorous session with that woman would, in the end, be lying flat on the floor, gasping out a "Thank you, Jane" just before losing consciousness, while she bounces around, preparing for her next movie, coloring her hair, reading the paper, and counting her money. So don't give me that "invading" shit.

h. In Mr. Carducci's words, rock is a guitar, bass, and drums.

"It wasn't Presley the man that was rock and roll, it was his band. As great a vocalist as he was, it is pure celebrity worship and sociological shorthand to harp on his importance to rock and roll and pop culture. He demonstrated quickly enough that whatever his talents he had little comprehension of what made rock and roll itself. His 1968 comeback concert seemed to indicate his compass was back on true north. But before you knew it he was doing a Tom Jones thing in Vegas." (pg. 28)

I think it's time I finally spoke about Elvis, and straighten Carducci and everybody else out. THE ONLY TIME ELVIS PRESLEY--MAN, BAND, LEGEND, WHATEVER--DID ANYTHING WORTHWHILE WAS WHEN HE DID HIS TOM JONES THING IN VEGAS, ZONKED OUT OF HIS BRAIN, CRACKING UP LAUGHING IN THE MIDDLE OF "LOVE ME TENDER", AND MAKING ALL THESE STUPID, REALLY STUPID, GREAT JOKES.

You're welcome. Anytime.



CAROL ANNE FROM DUTCH EAST

Isn't Carol Anne at Dutch East a bitch? I almost had a heart attack after I talked

to her this morning. I thought my heart would explode. She displays what Gorbachev refers to as "an unbelievable lack of politeness." If I am ever in the same room with her, I swear I'll wring her neck. Or she'll wring my neck--I don't care...somebody's neck is going to be wrung.

Thumbs down on Carol Anne!! 

> Coffee spilled over the sides of his teetering cup. <

NEGATIVLAND U2

Somehow Negativland obtained studio tapes of Casey Kasem getting wild. For background, Negativland play two covers of U2's "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For," along with recordings of some vile CB buddies insulting, propositioning, and threatening each other. I knew there had to be more to Casey than a mere Counter Downer--he snagged that crazy, boobful Jean from New Hampshire. They were married by Reverend Jesse Jackson.

"Now. We're up to our long-distance dedication. This one's about kids and pets and a situation that we can all understand, whether we have kids or pets or neither. It's from a man in Cincinnati, Ohio, and here's what he writes: 'Dear Casey, This may seem to be a strange dedication, but I'm quite sincere, and it'll mean a lot if you play it. Recently there was a death in the family. He was a little dog named Snuggles. But he was most certainly a part of--.' Let's start again. I'm coming out of the record. Play the record, OK? (Showing the Top 40 strain--)
Please.... When you come out of those uptempo goddam numbers, man, it's impossible to make those transitions. Then you gotta go into somebody dying. I want a goddam concerted effort to come out of a record that isn't a fucking uptempo record every time I do a goddam DEATH dedication. It's the last, guh, last goddam time--I WANT SOMEBODY USE HIS FUCKING BRAINS TO NOT COME OUT OF A GODDAM RECORD THAT IS, UH, THAT, THAT'S UPTEMPO AND I GOTTA TALK ABOUT A FUCKING DOG DYING!"

"What is this--fucking ponderous, man, ponderous."

"This is American Top 40, right here on the radio station you grew up with, Music Radio 138--oh, FUCK."
(SST, Box 1, Lawndale CA 90260)

Casey reviews "The Joshua Tree" for Roller Derby: "...nicknamed 'The Edge' on-- This is bullshit. Nobody cares. These guys are from England, and WHO GIVES A SHIT? Just a lot of wasted...names...that don't mean diddleyshit."

1 00
1 30
2 00
2 30
3 00



STRIKING GOLD IN THE GRAVEL PIT

Buying a Coz The Shroom tape is like picking out a record from the 25¢ Used Bin--you have to go through some duds to get to the treasure. "Songs From The Gravel-pit" is one of those lucky finds.

Coz plays all his own instruments. He puts out a new tape every six or eight weeks, and each one sounds different. There was his Ziggy Stardust faze, his Lou Reed "Coney Island Baby" period, then he got into rap, then funk. Now he's doing something that's sort of like--but isn't quite--rock; more similar to Prince or Bing Crosby than, say, Sonic Youth. The few (much too few) reviews there have been of Coz's music all focus on the man's "zany" personality. Noone seems to have noticed that Coz has a good voice. He's a crooner. On "Songs From The Gravel-pit," he's moved even farther away from the outer space squealings/screechings of his early tapes. He has slowed down and even gets a little jazzy. These songs contain Coz's usual assortment of cast members: zombies, demons, kings, children, Allah, and Coz's wife Diannah.

At \$2, how can you lose? Shahrom Hawley, POBox 33388, Austin TX 78764.

"So," said Phil, putting water up to boil in a red enamelled pot, "do you mind instant?"

"No, no," Maya moaned.

"Oh, God no," she sobbed, "That's all I drink."



This man drinks his coffee with two hands!



HILLS BROS

UNBELIEVABLY UGLY FLOWERS DYING

Suckdog's "Little Flowers Dying" was a total flop, and I'm left sitting on hundreds of Little Flowers--thousands of my precious dollars. C'mon you guys, buy it! I'm not saying it's good or anything--actually, I despise the thing, and rue the day I ever released it. It's soaked in immature complaints, moans, embarrassing facts, and just a bunch of unhappiness. I never listen to it. Its only redeeming quality is the song "I Want To Die"--not because it sounds good, just because it condones being raped and killed as a cure for depression. I'm offering this dud to you for the low, low price of \$9 for the CD, \$6 for the cassette. I'm not making any money at those prices, but at least I won't have to look at the things anymore if they're out of the house! Waddaya say? You know the address.

Illustrations: William R. Callahan * Reviews: Lisa
CONTINUED NEXT * PAGE →

☆ SAM ESH,

also known as Clarence Cummings, Detroit Sammy, Sammy Sales, Joe Hill, Jerry Maroc, Edie Mancini, "etc.", was in a band with Jon Bon Jovi fifteen years ago. Then he went into seclusion, spending his time on painting and photography (the examples I have seen are lonely and lovely), and worked with cinema "in a desultery way." Now, Sam Esh has emerged from his hole, blinking, and totally out-of-date. And that's OK.

Sammy seems convinced that this article is going to be in Bananafish. I guess because there was an article on me in that magazine a year or two ago. I've told him repeatedly that my magazine is Rollerderby. Sammy's response:

"**Impressed!** with the magazine -- reminds me of the 1960's in Chelsea in New York." The rest of the paragraph of his letter makes it clear he is referring to B.fish.

Sammy then proceeds, both in cramped cursive and large, sprawling, illegible printing, to give me the following advice: "See Mike Hummel at Used Kids. Also mention Jerry Wike, who offered to do 8-tracks. Also see the records of the Agora Theatre, now the Newport, on High Street, as regards where I played and with whom approximately 15 years ago." All of these people/places being in Ohio, roughly 700 miles from my home in New Hampshire, and about 2100 miles from the San Francisco residence of the editor of Bananafish.

Sammy sent me his master tape of his "Jack of Diamonds" cassette. It's very lo-fi. Repetitious, vaguely bluesy guitar that sounds like what The Little Caboose must have sounded like when it chugged, "I know I can, I know I can, I know I can." Over this is what sounds like a man without much money or teeth muttering and spouting off, ranging in mood from exuberant to downtrodden into a pulp. If I were to transcribe the words, it would go something like this: Yip yip yop yop fip fo! Ka ka bip bo kay no why kay oh wipe kay oh wip! This is not a merely random string of syllables that you or I or anyone could just rattle off. There is a rhythm and congruence to the combinations of sounds Sam Esh chooses to put together. Some song titles: If The Dogs Don't Bark, Heavy Metal, Winter in Soderhauet.

I asked Sammy how he sees his music. "A great deal of my music is programatic, something that could be used as a film score for gangster films, battle scenes, etc., rather than for regular stage performance. The tapes are rough drafts and need polishing. Some of the material is not immediately clear (as to what it is.) One of the things I wanted to do was not so much make a saleable tape as to create innovative guitar riffs in combination with vocals that might be lead-ins for other musicians and performing bands."

Sammy also reports that he's made "a lot of tapes that are pure comedy like Cheech and Chong or Lenny Bruce." I'd like to hear those!

I asked Sammy if he feels his possible

schizophrenia is being taken advantage of by his record label -- Amrep. He would answer only, "The world is full of gangsters," and nothing more. He chose to respond to only a few of the 40 or 50 questions I asked him, and those responses often had little to do with what I had asked. And that's OK.

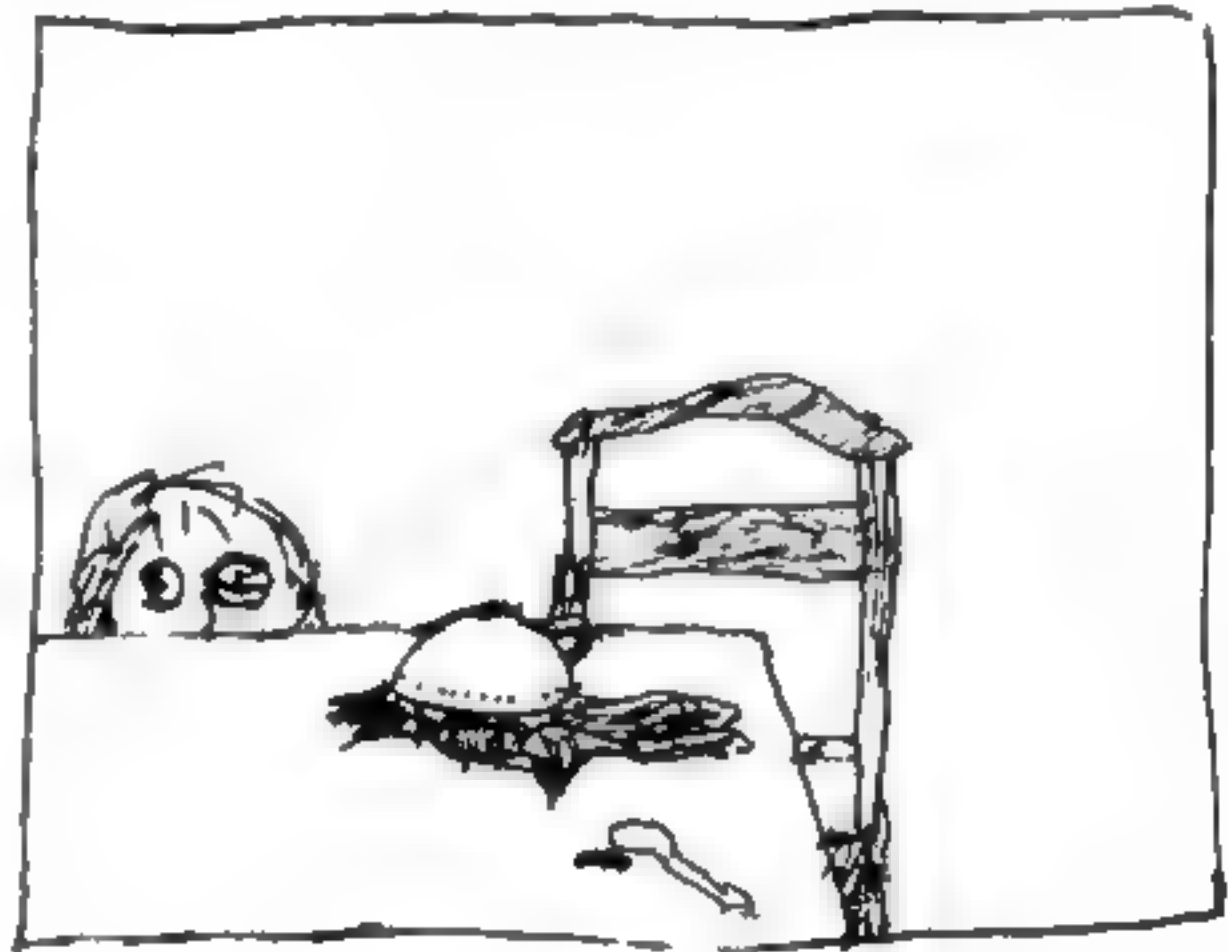
The smiling face on the cover of this magazine belongs to Sam Esh.

SAM ESH, 90 E 13TH AVE, COLUMBUS OH 43201

Fist In Your Face (\$1 from 383 Markham St. 2nd floor, Toronto, Ontario, M5C 2K5, CANADA)

Tons of photos of people with black and blue eyes and swollen lips, and of Madonna attacking a ten-year-old kid; true stories written by people who got beat up, beat up other people, or got beat up and then got other people to beat up the people who beat them up; comics; and reprints of newspaper articles on bizarre violence -- like six different kids being robbed of their Halloween candy at knifepoint or gunpoint!!

Great!

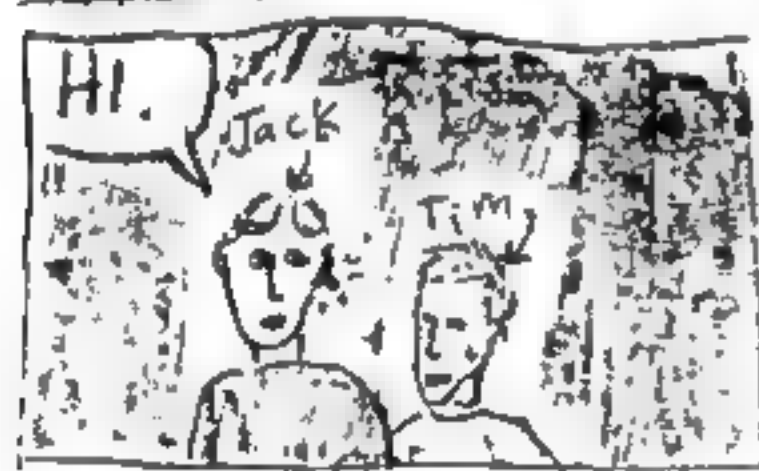
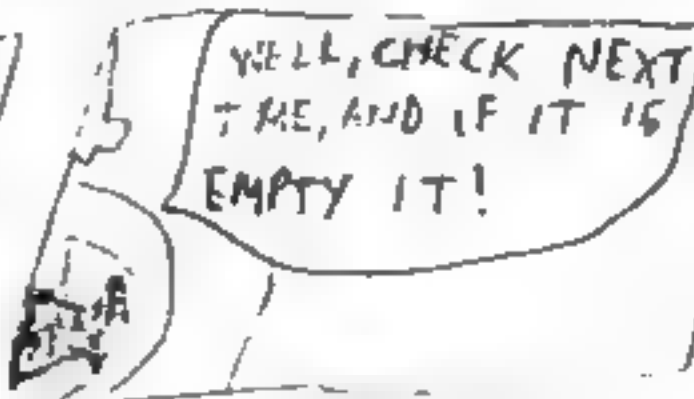


JIMMY'S THIRD MENTION IN THIS ISSUE.

I don't mean to brag, but Jimmy Johnson did call me up. In the background was low moaning that might have come from a female at the tale end of a long vomiting jag. It was really Jimmy doing something to his guitar. I said he should make a record. He said he had --Vermonster's "Spirit of YMA," but that I wouldn't like it. He sent me a copy anyway. The jacket features Rebecca Odes in all her breast and thigh glory. Miss Odes' sweet, careful voice lingering over Wendy & Bonnie liner notes is the highlight -- for me at least -- of this record, which is mostly a seemingly endless druggie guitar jam "freak-out" wah wah session, and which doesn't hold a candle to a nice, quiet guitar moaning down the telephone line.

(Forced Exposure, POBox 9102, Waltham MA 02254)

??
Vogdees
in
Vogue-Dees
oo



2 HRS LATER



?

WORLD'S SEXIEST DEVILS

"A daring risk taker who is still under the romantic thrall of communism, a bestower of democracy who takes the powers of a dictator into his own hands, (...) Gorbachev has transformed the world, while hesitating at the brink of his own radical psychological transformation--one that would enable him to see to its completion the revolution he so thrillingly began." That's how Gail Sheehy, in her book The Man Who Changed The World, describes Mikhail Gorbachev. I like a man whose mind is a maze with millions of doors letting thoughts in, but once inside, the thoughts only race among the corridors, meeting traps and tortures at each turn, with no way out, no conclusion ever. That kind of confusion is, to me, a sign of superior morality and intelligence, both of which are, by definition, constricting. And a man with as much power as Gorbachev has had, whose every decision affects many, would have to be an unthinking brute not to hesitate at the brink--at any brink. This hesitation, this uncertainty, along with his handsome face, makes me want to do it to Mikhail. I'd be on top. Plus, he's Russian! What more could one ask for?!

Gorbachev is definately my "type". But if I were to, say, go to a bar to pick a guy up, and I couldn't scout out some vacillating fellow who has had five careers in as many years within the first hour, then I'd settle for the second sexiest type of guy: Mr. Biting-Tongue. The kind of man who, if you're wearing your prettiest dress and it has a kahlua stain on the breast and you read to him, by the flashing juke box light, from a time-yellowed sheet of paper held in a trembling hand, the poem of your heart, will say--not cruelly, but,



The tragedy of Gorbachev is that he cannot finish his revolution.

yes, cruelly--
"That's not good "
And you realize,
"Yeah. It isn't."
Top pick for this category would be Sonic Boom, formerly of Spacemen 3. Explaining in a Mole interview how the group got its name, Sonic says, "...I didn't really feel human" People feel alien when they are surprised at, and uncomfortable with, what they find themselves to be, what they find is human. People who feel that way



© Bob Adelman, 1987

BURROUGHS ↗

← BOOM

are sexy. Then again, people who just feel human are sexy too. I guess I like everybody! (This is not to say that all people who feel alien have a sharp tongue. Mr. Boom just luckily possesses both.)

For mere physical attractiveness, I would give my vote to William S. Burroughs. S for sexy. I love that thin walking stick, that long nose and those soft, dry, sunken cheeks. Normally, elegance irritates me, but William's elegance of bearing and clothing is very understated and natural. I bet he looks good naked. His personality, however, could use some improvement. If he comes out in the middle of an interview with a gun in his hand for no reason ONE MORE TIME, I think I'll scream! I mean, Buffalo Bill, we know you're one dangerous 77-year-old motherfucker, OK? Now put the gun away -- you're scaring the cats.

FOXY!

I always thought ladies of the night were cool. I still do. They're catty, yeah, but catty girls are much more fun than even-tempered ones. Black girls and prostitutes are the sauciest creatures imaginable - they *always* have the good comebacks. I had little chance of ever being the former, but to become the latter was well within my grip.

When I did it, I made about \$500 a night. And you get to make people happy. My favourite part was relieving young men of their virginity. I would give them pointers along the way on how to please a woman. And as for the septegenarians who weighed 5x as much as you - well, hey, lots of them are nice, very polite. It's much better than assembling fish stick boxes eight hours a day.

My friend F. and I drove into Boston and looked over the "Exotic Dancers Wanted" ads in the newspaper. For our first 'interview' we had to strip down to bra and panties. We got the job.

Carl, our boss was about 55, but would probably only admit to 39. He wore a cowboy hat and a dyed black moustache and owned two Harleys. He really wasn't a bad guy. The clients paid him at the door, but whatever we girls made behind the "massage room" doors was our business. Most places demand half of what the girls make *besides* what they collect at the door. Carl had plenty of money already. I think he ran this 'lounge act' just for the company of the girls.

THESE are the girls draped around the lounge:

Sally was old, at least as old as my mother, but she claimed to be my age. She'd been doing it since she was 14. Her hair was a heavily frosted silver and her face was mean and small. She wore pastel bathing suits with matching heels and nude coloured pantyhose, but denied wearing them. ("My legs naturally look like that. No, don't touch! I don't want you touching my legs! You some kinda dyke?") Sally walked around a lot whenever a client entered the lounge, showing off her stubby but firm legs.

Roxy was a 15-year-old alcoholic with black stringy hair and a six-month-old baby. She wore hotpants and cut-off sleeveless tops baring a bulbous tummy. Cute face, but she was the most ignorant, foul tempered, poorly groomed person I've ever met in my life. She stole from our purses and told tales about us to Carl, who adored her.

Jane was dumpy and slack mouthed, but she had several regular clients who appreciated her good, sweet nature and her baby-doll outfits.

Candy looked like a Barbie doll with her small, straight nose, green contact lenses, shapely pink mouth, inquiring eyebrows, and long, soft blonde curls. Her body was lithe and brown, and was always encased in extremely intricate black outfits that never cost under \$300. She was only 5'3 1/4", but her 5" heels and straight back made her taller than *any* of us. She drove a sporty little car - I forget the name - that costs most people \$30,000, and she lived in a white, modern, bright apartment. The payments to car dealer and landlord were paid for with a one-hour session each month. Candy didn't like men.

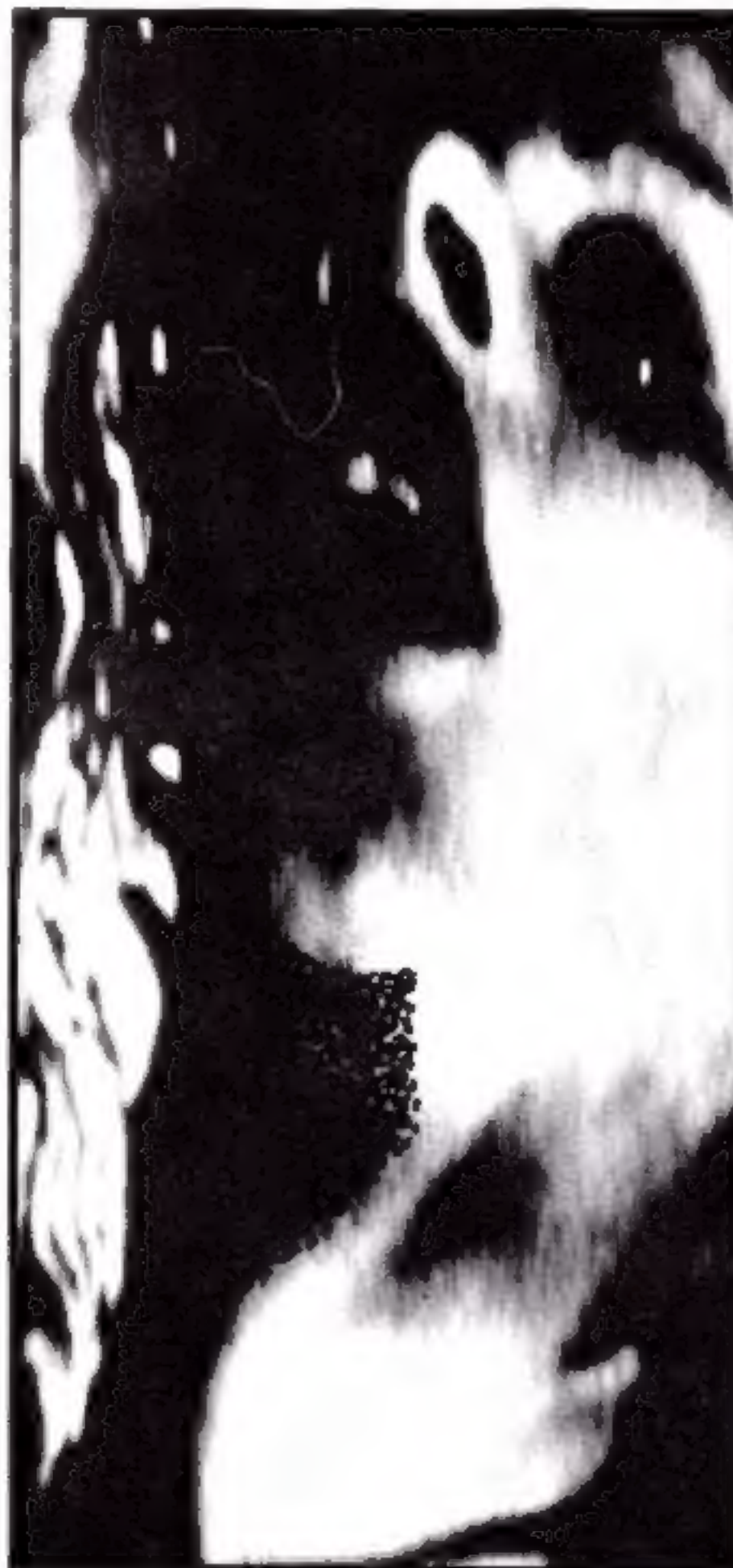
F. wore kimonos. She had sad eyes and a weak chin. You would think the sad eyes would appeal to men, but I

Candy

For a young girl who is not yet calm enough to go

Factory

to college, prostitution is a perfect short-term career opportunity.



guess they didn't, because F. was rarely chosen. She didn't really mind though, because Carl kept her so pumped up - or pumped down that she didn't notice her lack of popularity. There were all sorts of magazines lying about, and there was the T.V., the jukebox, the sauna, and the weightroom, so we never got bored.

And then there was me. I was 19. My hair was black and my eyes were blue, and my outfits (not much more than string) were usually black and crimson. Sally told F. I looked like a slut - no class - but, you know, every job requires a uniform of one sort or another, and since these guys were paying about three dollars a minute to be there, I figured they deserved the best.

My first trick was a very old man. I was very frightened. We went into one of the three small, hot, dimly-lit 'massage rooms' that looked like the baby's room/extra closet-space you always find in a trailer. Framed photos of women on top of cars on the walls. Wicker chair and night table replete with oils, powders

and kleenex. Mr Old Man was dressed only in a towel, still wet from his shower downstairs. He laid prostrate on the leather massage table and I rubbed oil onto his amazingly soft back and shoulders. It was as if my fingers could break through the skin. White tufts of hair grew on his body in places they never do on young men. He put a hundred dollar bill on the table. I removed my bits of clothing, watching myself in the wall-sized mirror. I touched my lips to various parts of his body, and then slipped him a rubber (concealed in my thigh-high boots). He was smiling. I felt as if I was in a movie. He asked me to get on top of him. (I won't tell you what I was thinking, because that is the most important quality to have - never to say what you are thinking...at least, not what you are *really* thinking. The men don't go there just for sex - they can get that at home; most of them are married. They go to screw a blank screen on which they can project their fantasies.) Man, I pushed and bumped and grinded for 50 minutes. I was wet with sweat. He tipped me an extra fifty for being "so sweet". When he was gone, Sally said, "it only takes me fifteen minutes to get his rocks off."

Right away, another man came in and pointed to me. He looked *just* like Frankenstein. Candy, sitting next to me, squeezed my hand. I tried to show him to the showers, but he refused. Meekly, I re-entered the now moist room from which I had just emerged. Frankenstein closed the door behind us. He was big. "They're going to hear us," he said. I couldn't tell from his expression if he was pleased about that or not. I wondered what he might have in mind that would be so noisy. "They don't care," I said. "Of course they don't," sneered Frankenstein, "they're *whores*. Get undressed." I complied. He stared hard at my naked body, which I nervously tried to cover before realising how silly that was in this situation. He asked me if this was my first night, and I said yes. "I mean, this your first time? You never f**k any of your boyfriends? How old are you - 16?" I nodded. "Liar," he growled, "Get down on the ground." Not content with giving me the verbal command, he shoved me down onto my hands and knees. Apparently that position didn't catch his fancy, because immediately he took my quivering shoulders in his big hands and pushed me up and backwards onto my ass. A beautiful image came before my eyes of me leaping past him to the door, super-speed, and running to the weightroom to hide. Instead, I fished out a rubber. "No," he barked, and knocked it out of my hand. This prostitution business was turning out to be quite a learning experience - I hadn't known men like him really existed. "You have to wear it," I said. "If you don't, you won't get in." He took it, unwrapped it, and started haggling about prices. I didn't know yet that you never, *ever* bargain. It's demeaning. I pictured my husband, probably sleeping now, snoring softly, and I wanted to cry. The man was inside me, yanking my head from side to side by my hair. He was speaking to me. Gradually, in echo, the words reached me. "You're fresh and young now, but in a few months you'll be just like those rotten girls on the streets in New York." He was on top of me, so very heavy. Then he was zipping his pants up, grinning. I was still on the floor. He

took two twenties and a ten out of his wallet, and let them flutter down onto my body. "Always get your money first, little girl, not all guys are as nice as me."

When I was sure he was gone, I picked myself up and went out to where the girls were playing cards. Jane reminded me that I had to change the sheets and take care of the rubber. I did. Then I said I didn't want to take any more clients that night, and headed for the showers.

Sally seemed pleased.

QUICKLY, I learned how to handle jerks. I got one guy who was about six feet tall and who was the proud owner of about 300 pounds of muscle. After about 45 minutes of trying, he announced, "Alright, if I can't get off, then at least you are going to!" And he tried to shove his fist up! My little treasure! I punched him in the face and scrambled out from under him and walked out the door. I guess it was just his shock at my having fought back that saved me.

In my haste, I had forgotten to grab the two fifties lying on the night table. Shit! But Mr 300 Lbs. came out raging like a bull, saying I had stolen the two fifties plus four more fifties from his wallet. He grabbed for my purse and I screamed. Out came Carl with a little pearl-handled revolver in his hand. (Figures he would have a pearl-handled one!) Mr 300 Lbs. decided to leave.

The girls were gabbling excitedly and Carl felt manly. He brought his guitar out, and for once we sang along with him.

I had a few regulars. Mr Bubblegum-Belly was a painfully shy middle-aged man. He seemed to be a great admirer of the female body: he would gaze at my nakedness in wonder, and touch me all over with soft, gentle hands. He made strange noises and had some sort of growth that looked like bubblegum hanging from his stomach. He smelled stale.

Mr Dog wanted to be humiliated. I would make him go into the room and wait for me in the dark. I would make him wait a long time. Partly to show him who was boss, partly because Candy and I would be planning out things I could do to him, and we would be giggling so hard it was impossible to get the proper fierce expression on my face. Eventually I would step into the room, closing the door behind me with, *I hoped*, ominous finality. I would spit out something like, "Don't bother crying out for help - everyone here knows what you want, you filthy dog, and no-one's going to stop me from giving it to you, every bit of it." He would whimper and half raise his eyes to my face. "Are you allowed to look at me?" I would whisper. "Do you really think you're worthy of looking at me?" I made him keep all his muscles tense at all times. I would tie him to the massage table legs and the night table, spread eagle. It was amazing how much pain Mr Dog could take. I would grind one stiletto heel into his face and rake his body with my nails and make him say thank you. He was insatiable.

One guy wanted me to quit working at the lounge, and be his own private mistress. He was a very black,

very handsome, very rich pilot who liked to do it in the sauna. We both liked Proust. He wanted to rent an apartment for me and give me plenty of spending money and come visit only a few times a month, when he was in the city. But I said no - when the work night is over, I want it to be over. *

WELL, I'd been in sales in one form or another since I was 15 years old, and I was tired of it. After 6 or 7 weeks I had thousands and thousands of dollars, and that's enough. So I quit.

The girl Carl hired to replace me looked real sick. She was off the street. Her eyes weren't lively and there was something wrong with her teeth. Her body was still kind of nice, or at least it would have been if she sat up straight and didn't look as if she were afraid of being hit at any moment. Her lingerie was in a pitiful state. The one night I worked with her - my last night - she got three clients in a row. Candy said it was because guys know from looking at her that they can get it for cheap.

You know, I gotta tell you this - I didn't say it before because I didn't think you would believe it, because it's so grotesque. But happen it did, and I must tell you - I didn't poke my stiletto in the guy's face...I pushed it down his throat. I know, I know, it was dangerous. But I thought he would like it.

He did.

by Lisa Carver • Photo Bill Williams

The above is what was printed in the english magazine Siren. To your right is what they wouldn't print. In my tour diary in Forced Exposure they cut out the part about me doing #2 behind a car door. What is with these people? Don't they think that hermaphrodites and bodily discharge are interesting? Do they think they're going to be sued or something?

Oh! I just noticed they cut out all the drug references too! And there were tons of them.

* Mr. Pee was a grinner. He never stopped grinning. This grin stretched over most of his face, and his very bushy eyebrows filled in the rest of the space. Mr. Pee would call up a half hour before he came over, and I would down a jug of water.. The first time I had him, my bladder was shy. He had me squat above his face, and told me to imagine a toilet. I giggled, but he didn't seem to mind. "I think I'm ready," I said finally. His penis was utterly flacid. This worried me. If a client doesn't ejaculate, is it proper etiquette to give him his money back? But then one little drop of urine worked its way out of my slit; it peered around, hanging back. At the sight of this, Mr. Pee's penis sprang to life! He moaned. I relaxed, and a torrent of liquid poured out of me, and was gulped down noisily by Mr. Pee. His cock jerked, and milky white spew splattered across his stomach. Mr. Pee licked his chops and looked as content as a cat in a patch of sunlight. "What a flood!" he sighed. "It's a good thing I can tread water!" He looked admiringly at the section of my abdomen where I guess the bladder resides. I hadn't touched him and he hadn't touched me. A cool \$175.

One time I got a hermaphrodite. At least, I think he was a hermaphrodite. He was a big fat hairy smelly man, but when he rolled over he had what looked like a clit instead of a dick. And his scrotum was split in two like cunt lips. But the little thing did get hard and ejaculate. He was lying on top of me, fucking my baby-oiled hand, but he thought it was my cunt.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN

the studio time and then I just won't show up." Gerard said, "So Homestead has to put up all this money for studio time and then you're just not going to show up?" And GG said, "Yeah, well I figured I could just fuck her before." So Gerard said, "You call this girl and tell her you don't want to do it." So GG calls her parent's house in the middle of the night, and her dad, who's a doctor, answers, and says she's asleep. And GG says, "Look, you get your fucking whore cunt daughter on the phone right now or I'm going to come over there right now and kill you all." So Lydia calls Gerard crying and says she doesn't want to do it after all. But Lydia's nuts; she won't eat wheat, she won't eat milk. People should live life for today. I like food a lot. There's almost no food I don't like, except for mushrooms and liver. It's because of the texture, not the flavor. Mushrooms--when you chew them they break.

LISA: They squish around in your mouth like they're struggling to get out.

VICKY: And oysters! They're like big phlegm balls.

LISA: I like phlegm balls. I like to strain them through my teeth and suck them back in.

VICKY: No!!

Vicky is a star. Send your fan letters to: VICKY WHEELER
20 JONES ST
JERSEY CITY NJ 07306

WHAT LISA AND BILL DO

ON A FRIDAY NIGHT

(Lisa is reading the Flipside letter section. Bill is sitting in the red chair.)

L: Greg Hagan is upset that Henry Rollins posed for a Gap ad because Gap is ACCEPTED fashion. (Capital letters Greg's) But Gap is not cool! It's just a second-rate Levi's chain.

B: The Gap store isn't second-rate.

L: I don't mean the clothes fall apart, I just mean, you know, Gap is not Givenchy. So why is Greg getting so upset?

B: There's a Gap store on St. Marx in New York!

L: Oh, really? Oh well, maybe it's gone up in the world since I knew last.

(The two pause to contemplate The Gap)

L: Jesus Fucking Christ, who cares?!

(But obviously someone does care. And it's Bill...)

B: Rollins betrayed us, man.



Vicky likes to live life on the edge. Here, she smokes a cigarette near gasoline pumps.

ROLLERDERBY

POLL

1. Most embarrassing drunk story
2. Cutest guy on the scene (maybe you don't need to answer this one--we all know Tod Ashley will win hands down.)
3. Best pet story
4. Weirdest thing about your body
5. Most annoying habit your roommate has
6. Most urgent need to make a bowel movement when there's no restroom in sight story
7. Most degrading 7th-grade experience
8. Cruellest act you've ever committed
9. Song that makes you cry
10. What you like best about Queen Latifah

Send answers to POBox 1491 Dover, NH 03820

Please include illustrations or photos if you have any. Poll results will be published in the next issue of Roller derby (December 1991). HURRY! We want to know!